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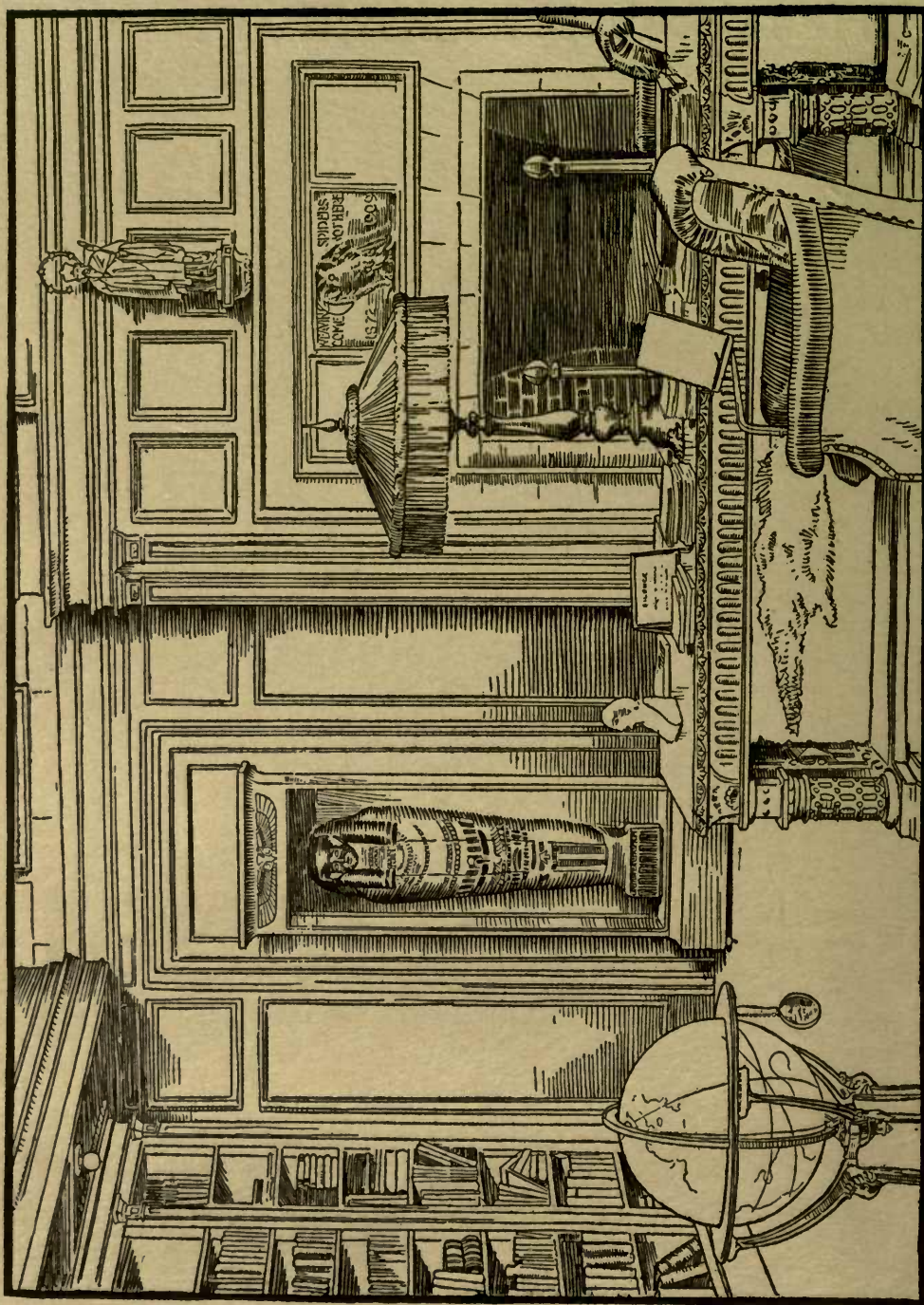
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THE LADY ISIS IN BOHEMIA

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AMSTERDAM

DURING THE YEAR EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND ninety I procured in Egypt a mummy, that I presented later to the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, of which I was, even then, one of its earliest members. This mummy had been that of a female member of the regal family representing the twenty-fourth Egyptian dynasty. It was discovered at Girgeh on the Nile the same year, just prior to the arrival of United States Consul-General Schuyler and myself at that town in our dahabieyeh on which we were sailing to Thebes. A quarter of a century ago these peculiar mementoes of antiquity were more numerous and less valued than today. So, assisted by the political influence of General Schuyler, I was enabled to secure not only the princess, but also two male mummies which had been located in a secret recess close by her own tomb. From Girgeh they were floated down the river to Cairo in a barge loaded with loose wheat, nestling among whose grains the three sarcophagi rested quite securely. Brugsch Bey, curator of the Cairo Museum, easily read the hieroglyphics, that like coffin plates covered the lower front of each top. It then appeared that the male mummies were those of priests, while the female came of royal lineage, one who had nevertheless consecrated her life and death to Isis, the Egyptian goddess. As a priestess and a vestal virgin she had taken vows, dying at the age of twenty-seven, and buried with evident care and secrecy, for both as a priestess and a princess she ranked among the noblest of those women devoted to the Future. From Cairo to Alexandria by rail, thence by steam to Liverpool, thence transhipped by sail to San Francisco, the three coffins with their rare burdens were easily and safely transported. I gave the

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Preface phis, where I knew Professor G. Flinders Petrie was superintending explorations amidst its ruins for the British and American Egyptian Research Association, told him my tale, and a few hours later we stood before The Lady Isis in the ancient solid stone palace of the extinct Pashas. Professor Petrie, whose profound knowledge and acquirements in the lore of Old Egypt are not surpassed by any living man, readily read the hieroglyphic language on the coffin, which indeed he copied at once on paper, writing the English transcription under the Egyptian symbols. He approximated the dynasty from the contour and construction of the coffin, for he stated that in the case of women the date and period of their decease was rarely indicated. But, he added, certain slight but significant changes in the coffin and lettering occurred about every other century, deviations from previous orthodox methods, that were known and understood by competent Egyptologists. Doubtless, the priests, who monopolized all funeral ceremonies, and indeed at times the kingdom itself, made these alterations or innovations in deference to some new legend or as the ascertained desire of some new god. While Professor Petrie, laden with my gratitude, returned forthwith to Memphis—he never spent a night in Cairo that he could avoid, so fond was he of his work—I called at the museum where my old friend of the Henry M. Stanley days, Brugsch Bey, now Brugsch Pasha, still lodged with the dead Pharaohs. The Pasha gave his consent to the removal of the mummy only after the intercession of certain potentates in Cairo had been solicited and granted. The Lady Isis was purchased and carefully placed, still resting in her original coffin, in a box of larger dimensions,

and before the “wise men” of Egypt knew, she was borne on Preface
the deep waves to that marvelous city where the New World
greeted the western seas. At last, on May 5, 1914, quite a year
after the hurried departure from Cairo, came the Presentation
which had been announced and described in a circular issued
and forwarded to each Club member a few days earlier.
Jeremiah Lynch.

ON TUESDAY EVENING, MAY THE FIFTH, NINETEEN The
HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN, AT NINE O'CLOCK, A HIGH Lady Isis in
JINKS WAS GIVEN AT THE BOHEMIAN CLUB, BOHEMI- Bohemia
AN CHARLES K. FIELD, PRESIDENT AND SIRE. BOHEMI-
AN JEREMIAH LYNCH PRESENTED TO BOHEMIA THE
MUMMY OF THE LADY ISIS, A LADY OF THE COURT AT
THEBES NEARLY THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO. THIS
GIFT REPLACED THE PRECIOUS RELIC WHICH WAS DE-
STROYED IN THE GREAT FIRE OF NINETEEN HUNDRED
AND SIX, AND WHICH ALSO HAD BEEN PRESENTED TO
THE CLUB BY MR. LYNCH. BOHEMIANS RUFUS STEELE
AND JOSEPH D. REDDING CONTRIBUTED PAPERS TO
THE PROGRAM OF THE JINKS, AND BOHEMIAN RICH-
ARD M. HOTALING RECITED A POEM. BOHEMIAN W. J.
McCOY COMPOSED DESCRIPTIVE MUSIC, WHICH WAS
RENDERED BY THE CLUB CHORUS AND AN AUGMENT-
ED ORCHESTRA. THE HIGH JINKS CONCLUDED WITH
A PHANTASY OF ANCIENT EGYPT ENTITLED “THE
DREAM,” PERFORMED BY BOHEMIANS RICHARD M. HO-
TALING, GEORGE HAMMERSMITH, GEORGE B. DE LONG,
AMEDÉE JOULLIN, E. L. TAYLOR, & OTHER MEMBERS
OF THE CLUB, WITH A SCENIC INVESTITURE DESIGNED
BY BOHEMIAN HAIG PATIGIAN: BOHEMIAN A. J. BUT-
LER, STAGE DIRECTOR; BOHEMIAN E. T. CRANDALL,
CHORUS MASTER; AND BOHEMIAN EUGENE BLAN-
CHARD, ACCOMPANIST. A BANQUET PRECEDING
THE PRESENTATION OCCURRED IN THE PRINCIPAL

The
Lady Isis in
Bohemia

DINING HALL, AND WAS ATTENDED BY SOME FOUR HUNDRED BOHEMIANS AND GUESTS. AT THE END OF THE REPAST MR. FIELD OFFERED A FELICITOUS TOAST TO JEREMIAH LYNCH, THE GUEST OF THE EVENING, WHO RESPONDED IN APPROPRIATE PHRASES. FOLLOWING A CUSTOM OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS, & ONE CONTINUED LATER BY THE GREEKS, THE MUMMY WAS THEN BROUGHT INTO THE DINING HALL BORNE ON THE SHOULDERS OF FOUR MEN DRESSED AS ETHIOPIANS, PRECEDED BY PRIESTS, CHORAL SINGERS, AND MUSICIANS, ALL ROBED IN CLASSIC EGYPTIAN COSTUMES, THE CHORUS CHANTING HYMNS AND MUSIC WRITTEN FOR THE FESTIVAL. NOT IN MODERN HISTORY, NOR INDEED SINCE THE DAYS OF THE CAESARS, CAN THERE BE RECALLED A SINGLE ILLUSTRATION WHERE THIS EXTRAORDINARY FUNCTION WAS COMMEMORATED. ITS REVIVAL IS THOUGHT TO BE THE FIRST IN MANY CENTURIES, & CERTAINLY THE FIRST IN THE NEW WORLD. THE ANCIENTS INTENDED THAT IN THE MIDST OF MIRTH & REVELRY, SURROUNDING THE WINE CUP AND THE BANQUETING TABLES, WE SHOULD BE REMINDED OF THE END, & AN EMBALMED MUMMY ENVELOPED IN ITS ENLACING SHROUDS WOULD BE CERTAINLY AN OBJECT OF REVERENT REFLECTION AND CONTEMPLATION. THE BEARERS OF THE LADY ISIS ACCOMPANIED BY THE PROCESSION CIRCLED EACH TABLE IN TURN, & AS THE STRANGE NOTES OF THE FINAL HYMN CEASED, HALTED IN FRONT OF THE PRESIDENT AND GUEST. THE HALL HAD BEEN IN SEMI-DARKNESS DURING THE MARCH, BUT NOW IT WAS SUDDENLY BRIGHTLY ILLUMINATED, WHILE MR. LYNCH CALLED ON BOHEMIANS TO ARISE & OFFER WITH HIM A LIBATION TO: "THE LADY ISIS: BE THIS FOREVER HER TEMPLE." PURSUANT TO ANCIENT RITES, THE CORTÈGE, WITHOUT ANY FURTHER DELAY OR OBSERVANCE, DEPARTED FROM THE HALL IN THE SAME ORDER THAT IT ENTERED AND SLOWLY



The MOUNTED THE STAIRS TO THE PRESENTATION CHAM-
Lady Isis in BER, TRAVERSING THE SPACIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL IN-
Bohemia TERIOR OF THE TEMPLE. THE BANQUETERS & OTHERS
FOLLOWED WITH DUE DECORUM. WHEN ALL WERE
ASSEMBLED AND THE MUMMY IN ITS CLOSED SAR-
COPHAGUS PLACED UPRIGHT IN A SPECIALLY PRE-
PARED NICHE NEAR THE STAGE, THE EGYPTIAN MU-
SIC, WHICH HAD BEEN CHANTED SINCE THE CHORIS-
TERS LEFT THE DINING-ROOM, STOPPED. 🍀 🍀 🍀 🍀

🍀 MR. FIELD THEN PRESENTED MR. STEELE, WHO READ
THE FOLLOWING PAPER.: Fellow Bohemians: The word "mum-
my" is of Arabic derivation. It may be translated "live one"—in the
past tense. As used by the Arabs, the word meant "bitumen." Bitu-
men, as you know, is sticky. It is probable that when the undertaker
in the shadow of the pyramids had turned out a case of Egyptian pre-
serves he called it a mummy because he knew it was likely to stick
around forever. 🍀 A brief consideration of the mummy inevitably
takes one back to those embalmy days along the Nile. The body of
Ra-Nefer, found in a tomb at Medum, shows that the preserving art
was practiced six thousand years ago. In his simple way Ra-Nefer
was like many a misguided Bohemian—when the time came to de-
part he was unwilling to go, although he knew his friends were likely
to get him pickled if he stayed. 🍀 It was a thorough process by which
the ancients rendered the human body Class A. First the brain was
removed, then the heart and bowels, and after the cavities had been
washed with palm wine, they were packed with pounded perfumes,
cassia and myrrh. The body was then steeped in a natron bath for
seventy days, after which it was wrapped in flaxen cloth and smeared
with gum. The process was a slow one, but the mummy was believed
to have all the time there was. It is recorded that for the highest
class of work the undertaker received a single talent, which was
equal to fourteen hundred dollars. 🍀 This mixing of money and tal-
ent brings us naturally to our own Bohemia. And there is a finer
unity than might be expected between 4000 B. C. and the "B. C." of
our own sweet day. There is a unity of purpose; the changes the
centuries have brought have been merely changes of method. The

Bohemian of the time of our Lady Isis, like the Bohemian of ours, The
beheld on every side the swift promise of his end, and cried out in Lady Isis in
the agony of his soul that "Death is wrong!" He swore to do his Bohemia

mightiest to frustrate death. With a cunning of sweet spices and mysterious drugs he bound the body—bound the senseless clay—so that it might forever laugh back into the face of Fate. 🍀 Today we know he mocked not Fate, but mocked himself alone. He only bound the clay. His mighty effort is a jest upon our lips. For when the brain, the heart, and the "bowels" of the man are torn away, Bohemia says no single thing remains that need be saved. 🍀 But Hope—Hope flares for us as brightly as it flared for him who fought extinction in the morning of the world. A way we have, a trick Bohemians know, to thwart the vast conniving of Old Death. 🍀 We lay no hand upon insensate clay, but plan a joyous undertaking with the thing we call our life. We tear no part away except the scales that make the goodness of another's deed look small. We pack the secret chambers with the frankincense of sympathy and friendship's sacred myrrh. The natron bath is loyalty. The flaxen cloth we weave from threads of faith upon the loom of earnest striving toward the best we know. We seal the cloth in place with cerements of compassion. 🍀 Thus when—six thousand years from now, or sixteen times six thousand years—a wiser generation finds a radiance and a perfume in the place that sheltered us, may they exclaim: "They did not die! They live—because they loved!" 🍀 🍀 🍀 🍀 🍀 🍀 🍀 🍀 🍀 🍀

🍀 MR. REDDING THEN READ THE SUBJOINED PAPER.:
The Mystery of Death: If there is one trait more than any other which distinguishes the character of humanity today, it is conceit, vanity, and a general lack of reverence for the established institutions of the past, the beliefs of the past, and the knowledge and wisdom of ancient days. 🍀 We know it all! 🍀 It is true that there has been unfolded during the last two or three hundred years a knowledge of some of the great laws of the universe, concerning which the whole world hitherto had been in entire ignorance. 🍀 It would seem as if the Supreme Intelligence were permitting us of today to become acquainted with many of the secret processes of the world's machinery, in order to note just how far we will run riot in our vanity,

The disdainfully sneering at the woeful condition of general ignorance
Lady Isis in that prevailed three hundred or three thousand years ago. We
Bohemia do know that all religions and theologies were born and established
at a time when the great laws of nature were practically unknown.
Reverence is founded on faith, and mystery is an element of faith.
Demonstration destroys faith, for it does away with mystery. We
are now at the other extreme—we know it all! Nothing is sacred;
the Gods of the Egyptians, the God of the Jews, the Gods of Olym-
pus, the God of the Druids, the God of the Popes and of the Protes-
tants, are all puppets of the past and of no more importance than
mud idols or stone images of primeval peoples. Our God is a great
scheme of illimitable magnificence, and we today are becoming con-
fidentially acquainted with the machinery of this scheme. Farewell,
poor, benighted, ignorant Past! Oh, vanity, vanity, all is vanity!
There is one great mystery still unsolved, which lies at the base, at
the root of all religion, and concerning which we have not made one
more tittle of progress toward solution than the countless millions
of the world's inhabitants during five thousand years—the great
mystery of death. Ah, now we become modest once more; our
conceit leaves us, for our ego begins to tremble. What is death? Not
somebody else's death, but yours and mine! What becomes of me,
this me which dictates to this body, where and when it shall walk,
sit, come, and go? There is no one present but who has watched
the last flickering light fade and disappear from the eye of another
human being, and the wonder question has whispered upon our lips,
What is this mystery of death? Now are we back among the Eryp-
tians, asking the same question, and this modern God of ours be-
comes the silent Sphinx of old, and we are all children together, beg-
ging for an answer, and no answer comes. If we are brought face
to face with the intelligent experience of a people who five thousand
years ago were trying to solve this great mystery, it may moderate
our own attitude of today; it may give us pause in this material, sar-
castic, snobbish, know-it-all point of view which we have assumed,
because we happen to have found out the law of gravitation, of wire-
less telegraphy, of high explosives, or a few other of the dynamics
of the universe. Four thousand years ago there was a people of
the highest intelligence and education living in the Valley of the Nile,

and their Capital was the city of Thebes. When I say Intelligence, The
I mean from our standards—from the standard of President Eliot Lady Isis in
of Harvard, of Cardinal Newman, of Sir Isaac Newton, of Michel- Bohemia
angelo, of Phidias, of Homer, of Solomon. Thebes, the splendid city of
one hundred gates! Fourteen miles in circumference, and filled with
architectural splendor, the remaining fragments of which today, in
their dignity, beauty, and purity, are a cause for wonderment. There
are paintings upon its walls which are as fresh in the twentieth centu-
ry as they were thirty-five hundred years ago. 🍀 Unearthed from
an Egyptian tomb, where it had reposed for nearly forty centuries,
there now lies in the British Museum a great scroll of papyrus. Its
contents are beautifully illuminated and perfectly preserved. It is
called "The Book of the Dead." This document contains a ritual and
code of procedure to be followed by the soul, in order to reach eter-
nal happiness. The Egyptians of that remote period believed in the
soul. This ritual declares that the soul, after leaving the body, wan-
ders in the Valley of the Shadow of Death—this is the exact lan-
guage. This wandering soul had to answer forty-two questions con-
cerning moral conduct. Each question had to be answered in the
negative, and embraced the following: I have not stolen; I have not
made to weep; I have not committed murder; I have not tampered
with weights or measures; I have not cheated or conspired; I have
not committed adultery; I have not borne false witness. 🍀 These
questions thus being answered, the soul was resurrected and sat at
the right hand of Osiris, the God of all Gods, and the embodiment
of goodness. 🍀 In presenting this confessional, I have stripped it of
its mummary. The Egyptians employed symbols, as other religions
have done and do today. Impressive panorama and optical show
have always been effective to arouse the emotions, and there again
comes in the element of mystery. Taking the essence of this most
ancient belief, it differs not at all from that preached today from ten
thousand pulpits throughout our civilized world. 🍀 The oldest
known book in the world is carefully guarded in the National Li-
brary at Paris. It is an original Egyptian papyrus, written fully five
thousand years ago. It contains the precepts and teachings uttered
by the ministers of that remote epoch—two thousand years before
Moses wrote on Mount Sinai—twenty-five hundred years before Sol-

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omon set forth his proverbs. These precepts not only covered the entire decalogue, but, almost in similar phraseology, they run the gamut of the rules of moral conduct laid down throughout the Old Testament. 🍀 "Give me to drink of running water. Let me be placed by the edge of the water, with my face to the North, that the breeze may caress me and my heart be refreshed from sorrow." 🍀 "I have made me an house, adorned with gold, its ceilings with lapis lazuli, its walls having deep foundations; its doors are of copper, their bolts are of bronze. It is made forever-lasting. Behold that which I have done at the beginning; let me set it in order for my soul at the end." 🍀 There were poets in those days, of the highest imagination. 🍀 The life within us cries out for some proof of immortality. For five thousand years of recorded history all mankind has had a belief, a conviction, that the death of the body is not oblivion, but always coupled with fear and doubt. What is the world beyond? Is there a doubt? 🍀 This body is an instrument and our soul is the theme, the melody, that is heard upon that instrument. Is it to be wondered at that the strings become worn and weak with time? Do we not abuse the body? Is it not struck with discords and strained with daily labor? Is it not natural that the time shall come when the poor tired instrument will refuse to respond to the theme? 🍀 But the theme itself does not die; it lives on forever. It will find another instrument upon which to play its melody. Where and under what environment, each of us will know at the appointed hour. This is why I believe in the immortality of the soul. 🍀 There is a presence here tonight. 🍀 Far, far away, in the Valley of the Nile, thirty-five hundred years ago, an immortal soul vibrated through that form. Therein for a little time a spirit had its abode. Tears and laughter played their part. The wonderful old story—and yet ever new—of beauty, youth, and love was whispered among the palms. 🍀 The tramp and thunder of countless centuries have intervened; yet tonight the mortal clay, with folded arms and eyelids closed, is here before us, still undissolved by time. 🍀 Let us pay tribute to this presence in all solemnity. In mould and fashion it is but the counterpart of ourselves. 🍀 Who knows but what that spirit is hovering above us, and could we but hear the voice, it would say:

“Deal gently with what here you look upon,
For it was once my earthly habitation.
I was beloved in that mortal form:
Its beauty won the first-born of a king.
This was but yesterday—
Farewell, until we meet—tomorrow.”

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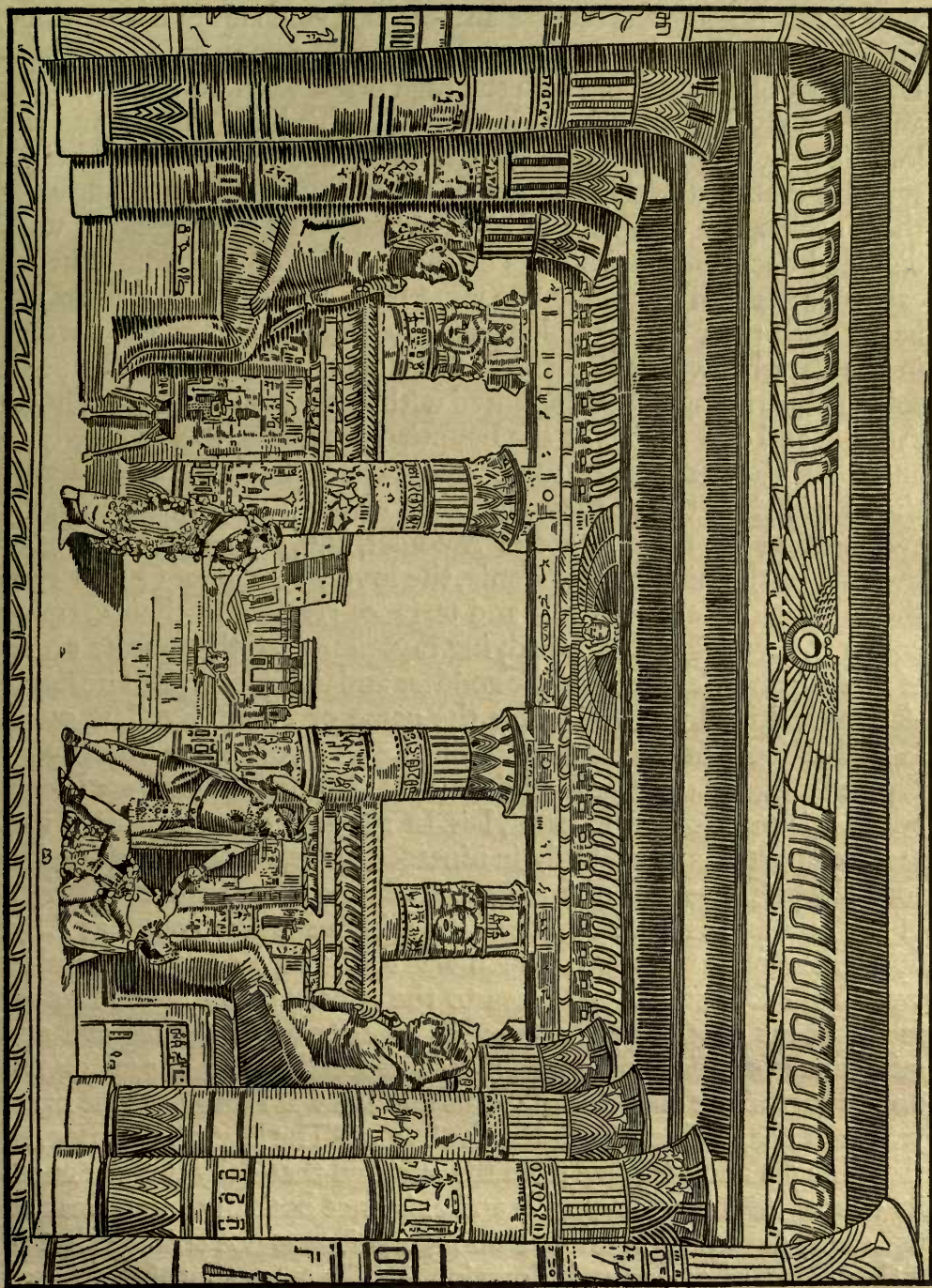
MR. LYNCH THEN PRESENTED THE MUMMY TO THE BOHEMIAN CLUB IN THE FOLLOWING TERMS: A score and four years ago an Egyptian princess was enshrined within these realms of Bohemia. Here she reposed calm and tranquil on her secluded throne, the tutelary goddess of Bohemia's devotees. From the worship of Amon-Ra to that of St. John, from Olden Egypt to the Newer World, was she borne, sleeping the sleep of centuries. Ravished from the distant tomb on Nilus's banks, where she abode in the bosom of Osiris, her mummy was transferred to unknown regions, where amid unknown accents she rested with a race and religion unknown to herself or the people of her land. The Pharaohs of her royal lineage, demigods of their era, if they but knew, how they must have resented this wilful, impious desecration of her sepulchre! If they but knew, how they must have condemned the impotence and sacrilege of men, bearing away the body of this fair daughter of Egypt, from where they had so lovingly and lingeringly deposited it thousands of years ago, only to witness later its destruction by fire! If they but knew! If they but knew! Ah! if we but knew! Once they were and now they are not; and that is the sum we know! It would have been better to leave the princess where she was entombed, clothed in her golden and purple cerements and garlanded with lotus-blossoms. It would have been better to leave her undisturbed in her rock-cut tomb than to have her precious form forever obliterated—a brief flame in a city's holocaust. If there be no immortality, what thrice damned fools indeed are we, and how mutable and futile are our most sacred and resolved actions! The ancient Egyptians believed that if the body remained intact and unrifled for a cycle of three thousand years, at the end of that period the Ka, or Spirit soul, would return from the underworld of Osiris and re-enter its earthly receptacle, a reincarnation—that is, provided that that

The Ka had successfully passed the ordeal of judgment of the forty-two judges who with Osiris and Anubis at their head balanced in scales of infinite delicacy the virtues and vices of the suppliant. Therefore, these ancients embalmed their dead so thoroughly and secreted the mummies so studiously. Therefore, they erected pyramids, each one being a separate and gigantic tomb for its builder, and so well was the Cyclopean undertaking executed that the mummy of the third and last pyramid builder, Pharaoh Mycerinus, was found and removed from its stone sarcophagus in the pyramid but a century ago, after six thousand years of peace and silence—removed after six thousand years of Nirvana and Nepenthe, only to be lost in the depths of the stormy sea. He lies deep down in the fabled isles of Atlantis, from whence perhaps his forbears originally sprung. The process of embalming was not intricate. Immediately after death, the perishable inside organs were removed, the brain through the nostrils and those of the body through an incision made in the side. The head and the abdomen were filled with a compound resembling bitumen, through the same orifices, and the body was then immersed in a liquid called natron for seventy-five days. The exact composition of this natron is, I believe, unknown, although doubtless modern science could do as much. Then the mummy was swathed from head to foot in hundreds of yards of fine hand-made muslin, of a texture so minute that only children of eight to ten years could fashion it, for at that age the eyes are clearest and strongest. Of course this was expensive, and apart from the Pharaohs themselves, the regal families, ladies of the Court, and dignitaries, embalming was confined to the landed aristocracy and generals triumphant in war. Moreover, the process was not always uniform nor thorough, and many carefully prepared mummies were found imperfect. There was a guild or union of embalmers, especially dedicated to the Pharaohs, or kings, whose continued existence throughout all the ages of Egypt's earlier history is full known and proven. One of their most sacred and binding functions, never forgotten, was to unwrap, repair, and rewrap the mummy of each Pharaoh every five hundred years. On the coverings of Rameses II and Merenptah, father and son, whose mummies now lie in the Cairo Museum, can be seen the attestations of the embalmers, stating the era when they had last

unrolled the bodies, and adding how often this religious duty had been previously executed. 🍀 Rameses II was the Pharaoh in whose reign the Jews were said to have been persecuted, and Merenptah, his son, was the Pharaoh during whose life occurred the ten plagues of Egypt and the Exodus of the Jews under the guidance of Moses. 🍀 When I assure you that the veritable bodies of these monarchs—incontestably proven, for the name and dynasty written in hieroglyphics on the coverings are read by Egyptologists as easily as a learned professor reads Greek—lie today uncovered, and to be seen of all men thirty-odd centuries after interment, these men who conversed with Moses, it brings the Biblical and legendary Past in startling association with the skeptical and scientific Present. 🍀 This period of five hundred years for the exhuming and re-entombing of the mummies is supposed to be associated with the life of the Phoenix, the typical Egyptian bird or emblem, whose image is placed in every temple, on every coffin and sarcophagus, and which was said to be revived from its ashes, as we all know, every five centuries. 🍀 Embalming as a complex art ceased before the Christian Era, and ever since, especially of late years, old tombs have been discovered, opened, and rifled. The Egyptians buried with the dead, beads, amulets, scarabees, and gems, of more or less intrinsic or relative value, and the Arabs, knowing this, searched and delved for them like we do for gold. So, it is obvious that their numbers are gradually diminishing and the difficulty of locating them increasing. Moreover, as recent discoveries and researches are making the history of ancient Egypt better known, it becomes more interesting, and almost every college and museum of note all over the world long and clamor for one of these valued mementoes of antiquity. There are today seven different private organizations, representing associations, in Europe and America, excavating at various places in Egypt, to which they have been assigned by the museum authorities, for they are not permitted to choose, and if any object of value or interest is discovered, the government reserves the right to sequester the same for the Cairo Museum, which is surely just, for where should Egyptian relics and Pharaohs rest if not in Egypt? If not under the soil, then they should remain over the soil by the banks of the Nile. 🍀 I may add that a mummy in good condition—that is, one of the early dynasties,

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The with the body and the sarcophagus in fair preservation—has not
Lady Isis in been found in two years. When discoveries cease, those existing will
Bohemia become almost invaluable. Except members of the hierarchy and the
castes that I have enumerated, all other Egyptians were buried without
coffins, piled loosely together in shallow pits on the desert's edge,
or placed in narrow chambers, one above the other, in the rocky
hills, like steamer berths. These were scarce concealed. Time opened
the doors, and their scattered bones were to be found contiguous to
every ancient cemetery. While building the first railway in Egypt,
some forty years ago, the native laborers often lighted the evening
fires on the desert with the inflammable mummies of their ancestors.
They have been bartered to chemists and the bodies ground for
medical purposes. The mummies which Cambyzes or time has spared
avarice now consumes. "Mizraim cures wounds and Pharaoh is sold
for balsams." The Lady Isis lived, loved, and vanished nearly three
thousand years past and gone. As indicated by the exquisite muslin
bands that enclose her mummy and the fine finish of the hieroglyphics
on the solid sycamore sarcophagus, she sprung from an opulent and
accredited family. From the fact that she was a lady of the Court,
it is thought that her people were of the old aristocratic caste, rather
than those ennobled or enriched because of some signal service rendered
the Pharaohs. These latter, if, for example, they came from a successful
chieftain, or as the result of the warlike deeds of some heroic
ancestor, were usually chosen as the governors of provinces or the
heads of army divisions, distant from the Capital, for only after several
generations were their posterity permitted to mingle and associate
with the intimate religious and mysterious life of the Court. When
The Lady Isis lived, the Capital was Thebes, for she dwelt in that
intermediate age when Egypt was yet shining, though declining,
and before the foreigner came. The glory and renown of Thebes with
its hundred gates and marvelous memories had not faded. She
must have seen the splendid priestly processions advancing slowly
along the spacious highway bordering the bank of the Nile, and enclosed
between double rows of black granite impassive sphinxes, the entire
distance of two miles, from Thebes to Karnak. She must have seen
and adored the godlike Pharaoh borne aloft by sable slaves, on his brow
the Ureus or Asp, emblem of royalty, and his uncov-



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Lady Isis in
Bohemia

ered hands holding the sceptre and the flail, emblems of a something far above royalty, for they represented and remembered Life and Death. She must have seen the high priest with his haughty port and mien rivaling the Pharaoh himself on his lofty throne, and the long line of leopard-clad priests, holding above, the many bright symbols that glittered in the sunlight. She must have seen, following these others, the company of black-robed women, proceeding with dignified decorum—priestesses of the temples of Isis, from whence came the name of our guest. She must have seen and heard the many harps with their almost Eolian melody, and the end of the cortège in the dark-brown Ethiopians and lighter copper-colored Egyptian soldiers bearing spears surmounted with images of Osiris, Isis, Thoth, Anubis, and other Gods of the Egyptian pantheon, waved slowly to and fro in the hazy, sultry, somber Nile atmosphere. Far away across the sacred river to the west she could observe the Ramesseum, the two colossi, the monuments of Medinet, and, above all, clinging to the side of the hill like a Phoenix, the lovely temple of Queen Hatshepsu, with its scarlet walls and terraces, rivaling in their carmine colors the setting sun whose dying rays illumined the granite group of Hathor and Hatshepsu—the goddess and the queen. The Egyptians worshiped the sun under the name of Amon-Ra. The other Gods had more or less local significance, except, of course, Osiris, who typified a legend. The legend runs that Osiris and Set were brothers. Osiris married their sister, Isis. In revenge, Set slew Osiris and secreted portions of his body in nineteen different places. Isis undertook the grievous task of finding and uniting these severed portions of her husband's remains to the head which she discovered at Abydos. Therefore, at Abydos, which was to the Egyptians as Jerusalem was to the Christians, or Mecca to the Moslems, Osiris sits forever in judgment on the dead, while his brother Set indicates evil and mischance. Isis, to whom women especially may appeal, dwells on the earth. The offspring of Osiris and Isis was Horus, whose name was later changed to Amon-Ra, the Sun. The Egyptians observed that all light and life came from the sun, and that daily it went anew its course. Therefore, as life and existence both of themselves and the earth depended upon its shining orb, it was not strange that to it they gave all homage and adoration. There was nothing debased

or uncanny in this belief. The Zoroastrians, or Parsees, hold it to this day. Their God was an active, beneficent being, who gave them warmth, and food, and light. How much more do we know today? How much wiser are we? Who can confute their tenet with superior knowledge? How much more do we know, I say, even after the passage of so many centuries? For the rest, the ancient Egyptians were the first of mankind to create what we call civilization. They were the very first race to arise from the marsh of primitive barbarism. They enacted just and natural laws. They first wrote on stone and paper. They explored the heavens. They constructed edifices which yet endure. They were frugal, moral, and temperate. Their numbers included artists and architects, statesmen and scribes. For forty centuries they kept Egypt peaceful, happy, and unconquered, until they were submerged by the waves of time, which sooner or later reach us all, animate or inanimate. It was among these people that The Lady Isis lived, and it was among these people that The Lady Isis died. On the funerary boat her mummy was placed and transported across the flowing Nile, fringed with bending palms and lofty papyrus-reeds. Her sarcophagus within and without was filled and covered with the sacred and mysterious lotus-leaves. Under the shadow of the barren, burnt cliffs in whose unknown recesses were concealed the bodies of forty-two Pharaohs, all of whom had reigned over Upper and Lower Egypt and their tributaries, even to the Black Sea, had been excavated for The Lady Isis, beloved of priests and people, her sepulchre deep down in the rocky glen and far from the radiance of Amon-Ra. Cunningly had they fashioned it, and cunningly did they remove all traces of the place of sepulture. The harpists sang their songs, the priests burnt the offerings to Osiris, and the mourners went their way.








“Is Life a boon?
Then Death whene’er he call
Must call too soon.”


Well did the artisans do their work. The Lady Isis rested unknown and forgotten under Egypt’s soil, while generations and generations lived and died. The Persian, the Greek, the Roman, the Arab marshaled their armies, and disappeared. Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar

The Lady Isis in Bohemia drank of the Nile waters, and inscribed their names on the world's walls. The Macedonian phalanx, the Roman legion, the knightly Crusaders disturbed not her slumber. The worship of Amon-Ra and the old Gods faded like a sunbeam in the twilight. The stranger swept over the land and brought new rituals, new religions. The Cross and the Crescent mounted to the stars, and the tomb of the God Apis moldered under the drifting sands. 🍀 The glory and the renown of Thebes vanished and gone are her hundred gates of bronze, from each one of which issued a thousand armed men. Abydos is deserted, Memphis a marsh, and On, the city of Plato, an obelisk. Overthrown are her temples and desolate her cities. The Nile courses amid unknown ruins, and her very language was forgotten, that language which they carved in the solid granite that it might everlastingly and forever guard their history; that very language was lost for centuries and centuries. And now The Lady Isis herself is borne upward from the dark dominions of Osiris to the radiance and effulgence of Amon-Ra. She is wafted from Egypt over oceans vast and hemispheres; worlds unthought of and undreamt. She comes to a region where Amon-Ra reigns as serene and supreme as over her own forsaken Egypt. 🍀 And within that region lies the republic of Bohemia, whence Care is banished and gentle Pleasure presides; whence the storms of the world are stilled and peace prevails; a land that will exist even longer than Egypt, for friendship and all charity build and protect its temples.

To you, then, O Bohemians, I present The Lady Isis:
Born of the oldest East, she seeks her rest
In this fair City of the Youngest West.
I beseech you, guard her tenderly;
Preserve her, I pray you, forever and forever,
In this shrine of Bohemia, for she is the lonely presence
of a departed race.

🍀 MR. FIELD, AS PRESIDENT OF THE CLUB, ACCEPTED THE GIFT IN THE FOLLOWING TERMS: : Mr. Lynch, on behalf of the Club I accept this addition to our treasures and express our grateful appreciation of this notable gift. 🍀 Because this presentation is so much a matter of sentiment, I may be pardoned if I

express Bohemia's appreciation in terms of a personal experience. The
Twenty years ago, a youngster came into membership in the Club Lady Isis in
and found in the companionship of Bohemia a wonderful elaboration Bohemia
of what he had supposed to belong only to the enchanted life of the
college campus which he had just left regretfully behind him. One
day he stood in the hallway by the library door before the glass case
which held the predecessor of The Lady Isis, and thought wistfully:
"What a night that must have been when such a gift was received
by Bohemia!" And in the midst of his new joy in the revelation of
the Club's significance he felt a pang of regret that he had come into
Bohemia just a little too late. Well, Time has played his strange
game, with the swing of twenty years, and has placed in the hands
of that same member the privilege of conducting just such another
night in Bohemia. I have had a very happy year as President of this
Club, and this night is a finale which could have had no place in the
dreams of that youngster, twenty years ago. And so, not only for the
Club, but for myself, I thank you, sir!       

 THE UPPER PART OF THE SARCOPHAGUS WAS THEN
REMOVED, & AS THE SYCAMORE COFFIN CONSISTED
OF TWO EQUAL PARTS, THE BODY AND FACE WERE
CLEARLY SEEN SO FAR AS THE CLOSE-FITTING CLOTH
COVERINGS WOULD ADMIT. IN MEMORY OF THE LO-
TUS FLOWERS WHICH FILLED HER COFFIN WHEN SHE
WAS INTERRED, THERE HAD BEEN PLACED IN PROFU-
SION OTHER FLOWERS RESEMBLING THE LOTUS, UN-
TIL THEY DROOPED OVER HER HEAD AND BODY WITH-
IN AND WITHOUT THE SARCOPHAGUS EVEN TO THE
BASE. THEN MR. HOTALING, STANDING DIRECTLY BE-
HIND THE COFFIN, WHICH WAS UPRIGHT IN THE
NICHE, SO THAT HE WAS NOT VISIBLE, BUT YET WITH
ADMIRABLE SKILL SO USING HIS VOICE THAT IT
SEEMED TO ISSUE FROM THE HEAD OF THE LADY ISIS,
RECITED THE ANNEXED POEM. THESE VERSES WERE
WRITTEN BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD IN EIGHT-
EEN HUNDRED & NINETY-ONE, ON THE OCCASION OF
THE RECEPTION BY THE CLUB OF THE FIRST MUMMY,

The AND MR. LYNCH BELIEVED NOTHING COULD BE BET-
Lady Isis in TER THAN TO HAVE THE SAME RECALLED AND RE-
Bohemia PEATED::THE DAUGHTER OF PHARAOH TO BOHEMIA:

Wherefore these revels that my dull eyes greet?
These dancers, dancing at my fleshless feet;
These harpers, harping vainly at my ears
Deaf to the world, lo! thrice a thousand years?

Time was when even I was blithe: I knew
The murmur of the flowing wave, where grew
The lean, lithe rushes; I have heard the moan
Of Nilus in prophetic undertone.

My sire was monarch of a mighty race:
Daughter of Pharaoh, I; before my face
Myriads of grovelling creatures crawled, to thrust
Their fearful foreheads in the desert dust.

Above me gleamed and glowed my palace walls:
There bloomed my bowers; and there, my waterfalls
Lulled me in languors; slaves with feather flails
Fretted the tranquil air to gentle gales.

O, my proud palms! my royal palms, that stood
In stately groups, a queenly sisterhood!
And O! my sphinxes, gazing eye in eye,
Down the dim vistas of eternity.

Where be ye now? And where am I at last?
With gay Bohemia is my portion cast;
Born of the oldest East, I seek my rest
In the fair city of the youngest West.

Farewell, O Egypt! Naught can thee avail;
What tarries now to tell thy sorry tale?
A sunken temple that the sands have hid!
The tapering shadow of a pyramid!

And now my children, harbour me not ill;
I was a princess, am a woman still.
Gibe me no gibes, but greet me at your best,
As I was wont to greet the stranger guest.

The
Lady Isis in
Bohemia

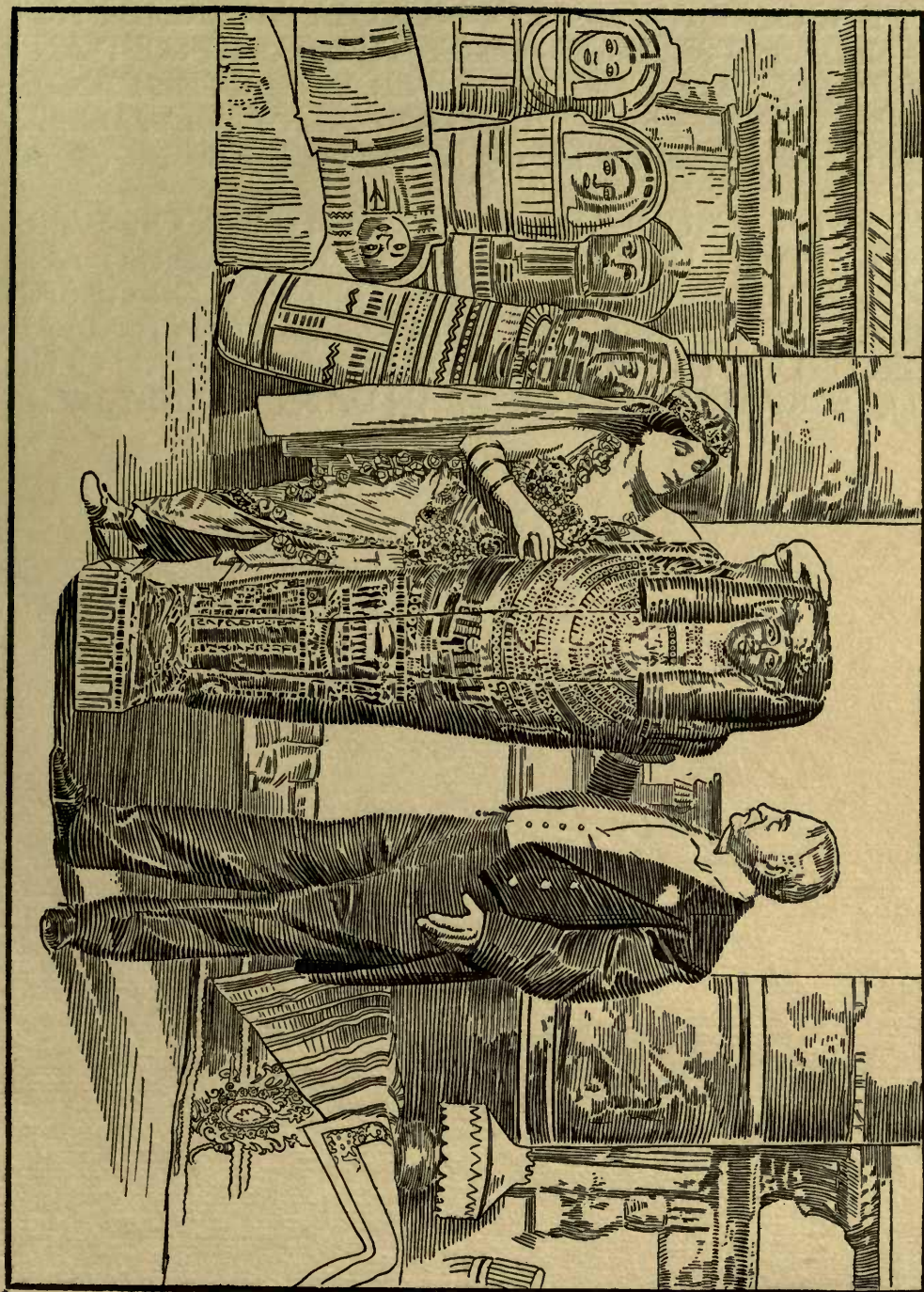
Feast well, drink well, make merry while ye may,
For e'en the best of you must pass my way.
The elder as the youngster, fair to see,
Must gird his marble loins and follow me.













MR. FIELD THEN READ FROM THE PAPYRUS OF THE LADY ISIS: "So, then, on that evening when the young moon hung above the temples by the Nile's green edge, I came into that fane of Isis which is nearest the softly flowing river. Two slaves attended, bringing in their hands heavy-scented flowers for the divine one whose name I bear, and a vessel filled with precious fragrances, the breath of my prayer for her compassion. So came I, suppliant, to her lofty hall. With mine own hands, alone there in her temple, I laid my offerings at the feet of them who sit so solemnly before her. Then prayed I from the depths of my uneasy heart, imploring the goddess to grant me peace from the unwelcome wooing of Tahrak, he the mightiest of the princes of Thebes. And behold, how she answered me—the immortal Isis! Out of the vastness of her mercy she heard and answered me! For lo, there came into the temple, like a breaking of clear bells at sunrise, Chephren, the youth whom I had followed with my eyes at Court and whom I dared not love, since Heaven had set him lower than I on the steps of Pharaoh's throne. But Isis had made us equals in the tender shadow of her temple; it was her hand that led him to me, and I knew that it was well. So therefore came he to me, while the young moon glittered in the moving water and the ripple of the river in the reeds was like his voice as he told me of his love. And him I answered joyously, and together we danced in service to the goddess—priest and priestess we in the house of love. And behold, it was but mockery, for Tahrak found us there—Tahrak, the implacable. Black with rage he came upon us in the temple, as though Isis had led us to each other's arms and then turned away her eyes that she might not see the vengeance of him whom I had scorned at Court. But Chephren fell up-




The on his knees, humble before the prince, and implored him to spare
Lady Isis in the happiness that the goddess had given us. And when the dark
Bohemia prince mocked him and bade him begone, scorning to kill him, the
boy sprang upon Tahrak with a sudden dagger. But men may not
take Tahrak unawares. With a great laugh, he swept the young arm
aside and sent his own dagger home into the fairest body among
all the youth of Thebes. And then, while my love lay in eternal
quiet at his feet, the murderer gave voice anew to the passion I de-
spised. And lo, Isis remembered me even then in the desperate hour;
it was she that made the temple light to flash from his jeweled dagger
to my wild eyes. Then I let my eyes soften with pretended love, and
I came near to him as though in yielding. Then snatched I the dagger
from his girdle and sent it deep into my own heart. Wounded al-
ready was that heart by a thrust of that same dagger, so that this
second blow gave no pain, only a sense of rest, of long, long sleep.
And behold, Anubis, conductor of the dead, rose from the dark
floor of the world and bore our souls to Osiris. And our cold bodies,
drest with the holy substances that save the flesh forever, and guarded
by eternal walls of stone, lie waiting in uninteruptible slumber for
the return of our souls, three thousand years from now." Three
thousand years! So long she has rested in what her biographer has
well termed "uninterruptible slumber." But she lies at last in a strange
land, thousands of leagues from the ruins of the Thebes she knew,
among a people who know her story only from the dim writing which
has lain with her in her age-long sleep. But in that sleep of death
what dreams may come! Who of us in this room shall say that while
she waits in that painstaking faith of her ancient people for her soul's
return, the love-warm tragedy of her last hour does not revisit her
slumber. We look upon the ruins of that temple wherein she loved
and died. How may we know but that the bandaged hollows of her
eyes behold the perfect columns and the colossal gods that graced
this temple in her far-gone day; that the magic of the moon still stirs
the surface of the Nile for her; that even here, within this alien place,
she dreams again!

AFTER MR. FIELD HAD FINISHED, THE CURTAIN
ROSE SLOWLY ON A SCENE IN EGYPT ON THE NILE, TO

Illustration of a man and a woman in a room with a lamp and a mirror.



THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF MUSIC BY AN ORCHESTRA,
The Lady Isis in Bohemia INCLUDING SEVERAL HARPS. THE MUSIC, SOFT AND
DREAMY, FILLED THE CHAMBER, WHILE THE PANTO-
MIME OF THE REINCARNATION BEGAN, DEVELOPED,
AND ENDED.            

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOHEMIAN DAN SWEENEY.  

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